







Sir Squirrel would either sit up and nibble it daintily, or make a flying leap to the ground and scamper off to put the nut in some safe hiding place for winter.

Angus used to wonder how the ladies could like to pet and smile at some squirrels, and at the same time be willing that hundreds of other little furry animals should be killed to make coats or neck-pieces. Sometimes, when he saw a woman with a fine fox skin round her shoulders, he really wanted to say rudely, "O, why don't you go and kill your own cat and hang him round your neck?" But, of course, he never did.

"I go to the traps every day," explained Mr. Rogersson. "I don't want to think any animal suffers two or three days in a trap. But there is one trap that's rather off my regular line, and I haven't been there since Rags was lost. We'll go and look up that trap first."

Somehow Angus felt very unhappy and uncomfortable as he tramped through the lonely forest after Mr. Rogersson. The boy thought the hunter *looked* like such a kind man, with gentle blue eyes and a pleasant smile. How could he *like* to trap and kill animals?

They did not talk much on the way.

They found the trap, and it had sprung its cruel steel grip on a little four-footed creature. For two days and nights the poor animal had been held helpless, hungry, thirsty, and with an aching, swollen foreleg. And it was RAGS!

With an awful, choking cry, Angus hurried forward and knelt beside the suffering dog. "Rags—oh, my Rags!" and, big boy as he was, the tears came to his eyes and he sobbed as if his heart would break.

Rags knew his master—his dear Angus. He was almost too weak to do more than try feebly to lick the hand of his best friend.

The trapper gently released the little animal. "I wouldn't have had this happen for a hundred dollars," he said huskily. "Poor little dog!"

Angus looked up at the trapper with flashing eyes—but then he set his lips together firmly without a word.

They went back to the cabin, Angus carrying the dog in his arms. Rags' wounded leg was bathed and made as comfortable as possible and he was given some warm gruel and a soft bed.

The next day Mr. Rogersson took Angus and Rags to the train. He had said very little, for he saw how fiercely Angus blamed him for the accident to the little dog.

With good care from Aunt Nancy, the doctor, and Angus,—Rags recovered. Before Christmas he was running about almost as well as ever.

Two or three weeks after Rags had been brought back to Tuckaway, Angus received a letter from Mr. Rogersson. This was part of it:

"I've thought a lot about your fine little dog—and other animals—and I've made up my mind I'm going to earn a living some other way than trapping and killing wild creatures. I never thought much about it before—but—well—I'm not going to make *any* animal suffer as your little dog did."

And Angus found comfort in the thought that because of Rags there would be *some* wild animals saved from the cruel suffering of a steel trap.

Rags and Angus are both well and happy with dear Aunt Nancy Tilton in the pleasant home in Tuckaway.

Dear Members of the Kind Deeds Clubs:

Some of you will remember that three years ago there appeared in the KIND DEEDS MESSENGER a very beautiful story titled "The Farmer's Boy," written by a very popular humane author, Mrs. Anna Harris Smith. This story was the starting point for some very practical work which expressed in deeds the ideals which the clubs stand for. This practical work was to carry cheer at Thanksgiving and Christmas time to poor families, old people and shut-ins in institutions where it is so easy for them to be forgotten by the outside world. Thus originated our Thanksgiving and Christmas baskets, which have been such a joy to those lonely ones who during the time of our great festivals feel as at no other time, their apartness from the joy that others more fortunate are experiencing.

Could these dear souls ever express in words what it means to them to have brought to their bedsides or into their desolate homes a lovely basket trimmed with the pretty adornment of Christmas colors and bulging and fairly creaking with Christmas mysteries within? No, they cannot. So you, dear members, cannot know fully except through your imagination the joy that you have been the means of spreading, the blessings that you have bestowed. Many of you to do this have made little sacrifices you are not talking about, which makes your part the greater.

Of the one hundred and seven baskets which you have sent out this wonderful year, every member had some little thing to add, some thought for the happiness of others, something to share, and so, truly the Christmas spirit of good-will to all living beings was practically borne out in service where it would most count.

We in the office feel very proud of you and want to express to you all and to your teachers who have organized and led this splendid undertaking, our love and gratification. We hope that this school project will find in the future an ever-widening enthusiasm.

You will all be interested to know that one of the schools has adopted at Thanksgiving time the "thankful" project suggested by Miss Ida Kenniston through her story in the November issue of the KIND DEEDS MESSENGER. We find that we have such great big things to feel thankful for which we had really never realized before, because they are our day-by-day experiences.

In this school there were twenty-five "thankfuls" which the members thought of, of which the following are a few: "I am thankful for the good flag under which we live"; "I am thankful that I am able to work"; "I am thankful for good health"; "I am thankful that I am a member of the Kind Deeds Club"; "I am thankful that Lincoln freed the slaves"; "I am thankful that I have a pet"; "I am thankful for the birds because they eat the insects off the trees"; "I am thankful that I have a father and mother."

No storybook subject has ever gone over as successfully as this year's LIGHTFOOT THE DEER by Thornton Burgess, put into verse by the writer, Mrs. Dolores W. Kent. This has been carried before thousands of pupils by Mrs. Gwyn Tebault, whom you all know. One little boy writes: "Our Kind Deeds lady is a good story teller. She makes us feel that animals are our friends. I do not believe I will ever be a hunter and kill my own friends." We hope with all our hearts that you all feel this same way.

We leave you now with the hope that 1930 will be the best year yet in all our work and that it will bring the blessings of health and happiness to you—each one of you.

With the best of greetings yours,

EDITH LATHAM.

#### THE PLAY "VIRGINIA'S DREAM"

This beautiful play is now available and we strongly recommend it for school use as a most entertaining and instructive feature for "Be Kind to Animals Week."

The score is complete with music, songs and costume suggestions. For all details refer to the last issue of the KIND DEEDS MESSENGER.

The Latham Foundation for the Promotion of Humane Education  
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